ARCHIVES FILE Theatre programmes

GRAND CANTATA

.....ENTITLED.....

"The Building of the Temple"

TO BE GIVEN IN THE

Simcoe Street Methodist Church

APRIL 28, 1896

CHORUS OF 100 VOICES. EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA.

SOPRANOS.

Mrs. D. Allan.
Mrs. W. H. Buckley.
Miss L. Brydges. ✓
Miss W. Buckingham. ✓
Miss L. Butler. ✓
Miss H. Cross.
Miss G Dent
Miss Dent.
Miss Geddes.
Miss M. Geddes. ✓
Miss Gerrie
Miss Harding.
Mrs. Hewitson.
Mrs. W. Horn.
Miss Inglis. ✓
Miss C. Inglis. ✓
Miss J. James.
Miss L. Kirkpatrick. ✓
Miss Lee. ✓
Miss Morrison.
Miss R. Morrison.
Mrs. Norwood.
Miss Oblender.
Miss Pearce.
Mrs. Richmond.
Miss Robinson.
Miss Shaw.
Miss Turner.
Miss Walling. ✓
Miss J. Webster.
Miss Williams.

ALTOS.

Mrs. Adams.
Miss Balch. ✓
Miss Brydges. ✓
Miss Buckingham.
Miss Lanceley.
Miss Macguire. ✓
Mrs. McKeown.
Miss Oblender.
Miss R. Osborne.
Miss H. Phillips.
Miss C. Siddall. ✓
Miss Stannard. ✓

TENORS.

Mr. J. Batey.
Mr. W. Dorrington.
Mr. G. Goddard. ✓
Mr. M. Howell.
Mr. J. Horn
Mr. H. Kirkpatrick. ✓
Mr. Matthews.
Mr. McIlroy.
Mr. R. Mitchell. ✓
Mr. W. Mulliss. ✓
Mr. G. O'Gilvie. ✓
Mr. H. Overend.
Mr. E. Porter ✓
Mr. W. Robinson.
Mr. Geo. Rushton. ✓
Mr. H. Shaw.
Mr. S. Siddall. ✓

BASS.

Mr. W. H. Buckley.
Mr. Clark.
Mr. Coote.
Mr. C. Emory. ✓
Mr. B. Copeland.
Mr. A. Galway.
Mr. Gray.
Mr. D. Hammond. ✓
Mr. Kelly.
Mr. W. Main. ✓
Mr. Miles.
Mr. J. Morley.
Mr. A. Morris. ✓
Mr. North.
Mr. Penny.
Mr. P. Shaw.
Mr. Or. Williams.

CHILDREN'S VOICES.

Annie Beatty.
Lily Burniston.
Jessie Day. ✓
Laura Hobson.
Winnie Kerr.
Lily Lee. ✓
Sadie McMullen.
Carrie Osborne. ✓
Lily Osborne. ✓
Minnie Porter.
Ethel Robertson.
Ethel Smith.
Jessie Simons.
Ernest Douglass.
Willie Drever.
Arthur James.
Benson Kerr.
Robt. Kirkpatrick. ✓
Chas. Kirkpatrick. ✓
Alfred Lovell.
Ernest Smith.
Arthur Smith.
John Smye.
Herbert Smye.
Fred. Stares. ✓
Edward Stares. ✓

ORCHESTRA.

1ST VIOLINS—Mr. S. Siddall. ✓
Mr. D. Allan.
Mr. Vollick.

2ND VIOLINS—Mr. C. Servos.
Mr. Park.
Mr. Braidwood.

CORNET—Mr. Percy Peel. BOMBARDON—Mr. A. Hewitson. TUBA—Mr. Dashber. CLARINET—Mr. W. Barron.

TROMBONE—Mr. A. Norwood. ORGANIST—Mr. S. Walling. ✓ PIANIST—Miss A. Chegwin.

PROGRAMMME 5 CENTS.

GEORGE SIDDALL, *Musical Director.* JOSEPH HORN, *Secretary.*

SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.

The Building of the Temple.

ARISE! THE SILVER TRUMPETS BLOW.

CHORUS.

Arise! Arise! The silver trumpets blow,
But not to sound an alarm.
You may hear the song
Of a marching throng
Caught up by the breeze and borne along,
And eyes will glisten and hearts will glow,
While thousands gather above, below,
Yet never in fear of harm.

King David, though he be great in power,
Comes here in peace to-day,
And the tribes assemble from near and far
To worship the Lord whose people they are,
And own His glorious sway.

BRING UP WITH JOY AND GLADNESS.

QUARTETTE.

Bring up with joy and gladness,
And happy songs of praise,
The Ark of God, most holy,
The God of ancient days!
The house of Obededom
Found mercy, truth and grace,
And there the Ark has waited,
Till we prepare a place.

King David and his people
Conduct the Ark along,
With laughter and with shouting,
With music, mirth and song!
Old men recall the wonders
Of generations past;
The Sinaitic thunders,
The trumpet's piercing blast.

Ye children, lend your voices,
And swell the loud acclaim!
All Israel rejoices
To bless the Holy Name!
The God, who led our fathers,
Revisits us to-day;
Then raise we glad hosannas,
And worship Him alway!

FATHER, GOD AND SAVIOR.

SCHOOL.

Father, God and Savior,
Heav'n's eternal King!
Offerings of praises
Unknown to thee we bring.
We, with infant voices,
Join to speak thy name,
Father, King, Creator,
Evermore the same.

Oft, alas! forgetting,
Far from thee we roam;
But in all our wand'rings
Thou dost call us home.
So with infant voices
Now we paise thy name,
Father, King, Redeemer,
Evermore the same.

Ever thou dost love us;
All we have is thine;
Every blessing given
By thy hand divine.
So with infant voices
Here we praise thy name.
Father, Lord and Savior,
Evermore the same.

THE LIGHT AND PEACE OF MORNING.

SOLO. TENOR.

The light and peace of morning find
No echo in my breast;
As leaves are stirred by stormy wind,
My thoughts refuse to rest.

Thine ark before thy people sent,
Rests on the lowly ground;
'Tis sheltered by a humble tent,
No fortress girds it round.

In cedar house, 'mid splendid state,
I dwell, with troops at call;
No foe may stand within my gate,
None dare approach my wall.

O Lord of all! my God, my King,
Thy temple I would raise,
And with my people joyous sing
Glad psalms of thankful praise.

THE LORD IS MY KING.

CHOIR AND CHORUS.

The Lord is my King,
And his throne is my heart;
Come joy, or come sorrow,
He will not depart.
When prosperity smiles,
Or adversity grieves,
He sweetens my pleasure,
My troubles relieves.

If the heart be God's throne,
Then his love must be there,
For he dwells with his own,
But none others can share.
So whatever our lot,
With so holy a guest,
Our hands will in gladness
Do what he loves best.

GOD HAS NO PART WITH MEN OF WAR.

SOLO. BASS.

God has no part with men of war,
Whose anger burns as lurid fire;
Whose hands are strong for shedding blood,
From passion and uncurbed desire.

Not such as thee his temple raise,
Nor doth he ever find a rest,
Where cruel tho'ts tempestuous surge,
Like storms within the human breast.

But in those happy days to come,
When love and wisdom shall increase,
Thy son shall build a temple, where
The Lord, thy God, may dwell in peace.

Then justice over all the earth
Shall spread again from shore to shore,
And judgment's glad dominion be
Established firm for evermore.

THOUGH TRUTH MAY SEEM TO CHIDE.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Tho' truth may often seem to chide,
And troubles for a time increase;
Love standeth ever at thy side
To guide thee on by-ways of peace.

His ways are just, his wise commands
Would end the reign of sin and strife;
Give him the work of willing hands,
He'll give to thee a crown of life.

ALTHOUGH TO BUILD THE TEMPLE.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

Although to build the temple
Does not to me belong,
Yet present deeds bring future joy,
And so neglect were wrong;
Unless I work in useful ways,
How can my son a temple raise?
If thou work not in useful ways,
No temple fair thy son will raise.

For he is young and tender,
No skill has he of thought,
Of preparations to be made,
And what must here be brought;
That time and means may well accord
To build the temple of the Lord.
Both time and means should well accord,
To build the temple of the Lord.

So I will take the labor,
And gather here the gold;
The silver, brass and cedar wood,
And stones of worth untold.
E'en tho' my joys may quickly wane,
My son's shall be a glorious reign.
Tho' joys for thee should quickly wane,
Thy son's shall be a glorious reign.

Courage, my son, be strong,
No foe hast thou to dread,
See, smiling peace
Comes with her busy throng
Of arts, to service led,
And joys increase.

Courage, my son, be strong,
And trust thy God for all,
Thou shalt prevail.
He will not tarry long
But hearken to thy call,
And never fail.

IN THY PROVIDENCE, O LORD.

MEN'S VOICES.

In thy Providence, O Lord,
We are placed in stations high,
Gifted with the joys of health,
Honor, friendship, home and wealth;
All the treasure which we hold,
Silver, precious stones and gold,
These we bring with glad accord
To thy temple, blessed Lord,
And since thou giv'st our stations high,
It is thine own that we supply.

All the luxury we own,
All the riches of the land,
Ev'ry blessing, ev'ry joy
Come from thy almighty hand;
Thus in bringing thee our best
We but give thee back thine own;
Lord, accept our service glad,
Thee we worship, thee alone,
Accept, O Lord, our service glad,
For thee we worship, thee alone.

PRINCES HERE MAY PROFFER GIFTS.

SCHOOL.

Princes here may proffer gifts
Each one to another,
This is but a fair exchange,
Like brother helping brother.

But to thee from whom are all
Of wisdom, love and power,
Willing service we should give
Every day and hour.

Kings may rule a little span,
Princes dwell in splendor,
But the heart thine eyes discern,
With longing deep and tender.
Let its treasure be the love
That thou art e'er bestowing,
Then thy will, O Lord we'll do,
With thy spirit glowing.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHOIR.

Rejoice and be glad, for the spirit of love
In heavenly beauty descends like a dove;
Creator and Savior, the ancient of days,
To thee we ascribe all the glory and praise.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory and the majesty;
For all that is in the heavens and in the earth is thine.

AS MOSES SAW FROM PISGAH'S MOUNT.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

As Moses saw from Pisgah's mount
The glories of the promised land,
To which thro' weary days and years
He led from Egypt Israel's band,
I see afar,
A temple rise,
And this shall draw all longing eyes, all longing eyes.

As Joshua, by Jericho,
When standing on the holy ground,
Beheld the captain of the host
Encompassing his people round.
I see afar,
A leader rise,
To bring salvation from the skies, from out the skies.

As once against a bitter foe,
The Philistines with proud array,
In humble guise I ventured out,
Their champion slew and won the day,
I, from afar,
A victor see,
Who captive leads captivity.

O wondrous sight! a temple rise,
To draw all waiting, longing eyes.
O wondrous sight! a leader rise,
To bring salvation from the skies.
O wondrous sight! a victor see,
Who captive leads captivity.

THE FATHER'S LABORS.

ALTO SOLO.

The father's labors reach their end,
Probation's day is o'er;
To other realms he doth ascend,
But may return no more.

Thus, full of honors, riches, days,
In good old age he dies,
As setting sun with crimson rays
Lights up the western skies.

The son in glory mounts the throne,
A kingly form has he;
No monarch from creation known
Had e'er such majesty.

THOU WILT PROLONG.

CHOIR.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life,
And his years to many generations.
He shall abide before God forever.
O prepare mercy, mercy and truth,
Which may preserve him.

SPRING TIME DOTH WINTER BANISH.

CHORUS.

Spring-time doth winter banish,
As night gives place to day;
So war's hot passions vanish,
And peace benign bears sway.
In shady nook,
By rippling brook
The flocks and herds securely feed
Amid the song
Of feathered throng,
And flowers o'er the mead.

As clouds, like dark wings flying,
Are gone before the sun;
So gloom dissolves when gladness
Its bright reign has begun.
The sunlight's glow
O'er all below
Turns golden all the waving fields.
A peaceful rest
Pervades the breast,
And glad thanksgiving yields.

STROKE BY STROKE OUR AXES FALL.

MEN'S VOICES.

Stroke by stroke our axes fall
Busy work we're plying;
Cutting down the cedars tall,
See them round us lying.
What we do should be done well,
Mark each stroke, and make it tell.

Stroke by stroke our axes ring,
Time is swiftly flying;
Honest work at anything
Sure is worth the trying.
All we do, should be done well,
Mark each stroke, and make it tell.

Stroke by stroke our axes cleave
Thro' the fragrant cedar,
Not one giant tree we leave,
So commands our leader.
All we do, should be done well,
Mark each stroke, and make it tell.

DARK NIGHT HER BANNER HAS UNFURLED.

CHORUS.

Dark night her banner has unfurled,
Our busy work to stay;
The sun is shining but the world
Has turned her face away.
Now one by one the stars appear,
And meet our wond'ring gaze,
So truth shines out in lustre clear,
As heavenward tho'ts we raise.

The sheep lie quiet in the fold,
Each bird in downy nest;
And angel guards in safety hold
Our children while they rest.
If these can trust, we also may
In peace lie down and sleep,
For joy awaits the coming day,
Tho' sorrowing ones may weep.

THO' CLOUDS SHOULD VEIL.

SOPRANO SOLO AND SCHOOL OBLIGATO.

Tho' clouds should veil, tho' darkness hide,
Yet love divine makes no delay,
The Lord is standing by thy side
To usher in the beauteous day.
Yes, trust in the Lord, and his hand shall guide thee,
For his love divine shall here be thy stay,
In darkness and doubt he's standing beside thee
To usher at dawn the beautiful day.
Yes, trust in the Lord, and his hand shall guide thee,
Then lie down in peace like sheep of his fold;
Yet love but his word, and naught shall betide thee,
Choose heavenly wisdom, 'tis better than gold.

EARTHLY GOLD IS BUT A TOY.

CHOIR AND CHORUS.

Earthly gold is but a toy,
Only good in using;
Heav'nly gold brings purer joy,
This is worth the choosing.

May we ever make our choice,
Hearing, heeding wisdom's voice;
Choosing thus the better part
An understanding heart.

Earthly silver is not made
Highest hopes to cherish;
Heav'nly wisdom will not fade,
Truth can never perish.

Power, wealth and honors fall
After brief possessing;
Heav'nly riches—these are all
Stores of endless blessing.

WHEN THOU DOST BUILD.

BASS SOLO.

When thou dost build the temple,
The temple of the Lord,
Be this my glad endeavor,
To act in full accord:
Devoting all my power and skill,
With understanding, too, and will.
The beauteous trees of cedar
Which in the forest lies,
Fine linen, blue and crimson,
And purple Tyrian dye
I send, with stones of beauty rare,
And Parvain gold beyond compare.

I send thee brass and silver,
While workmen, skilled aright,
Shall hew the fir and algum,
Which crowns each Syrian height:
Then bring them down in floats by sea,
And thus convey them safe to thee.
For these, and for my servants,
Who gladly will be thine,
Send twenty thousand measures
Wheat, barley, oil and wine,
So shall they work with ready hand,
Performing what they understand.

THE BEAUTY, THE TREASURE.

TRIO AND CHOIR.

The beauty, the treasure and science of earth
Are for service to him from whom nature has birth;
For the work of this world man his own methods brings,
But the Lord gives the pattern for heavenly things.

Wisdom builds her house ere long,
Understanding makes it strong;
Knowledge shall the chambers fill
With all riches of good will.

Present joys efface at last
Sad remembrance of the past,
Humbly kneeling we adore
Him, who gives such boundless store.

Lord, we dedicate to thee
Self, our sacrifice to be;
Gift us with a holy fear,
Bid us thy commandments hear.

BRING UP THE ARK OF GOD.

SCHOOL AND CHORUS.

Bring up the ark of God
With sacrifice and song,
From David's city of renown,
Where it has tarried long.

Enthrone it in the holy place,
And praise the God of truth and grace.
Enthroning in the holy place,
The God of mercy, truth and grace.
Enthrone him in the holy place,
An humbly bow before his face.

With holy joy and fear
The Levites walk apart,
And all the men of Israel's name
Attend with thankful heart.

Your glad hosanna raise,
Bid heart and voice accord;
Again renew the covenant,
And worship God, the Lord.

THE STAVES ARE SEEN AND FOR THE LORD IS GOOD.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

The staves were seen within their rings,
Two cherubim spread to this day,
To cover the ark and staves alway;
And there it is until this day.
Notes of trumpeters, voice of song
In unison glad are borne along;
Children and princes of lofty fame
Join in praising the glorious name.
For he is good,
For his mercy endureth forever.

WHAT IS CONTAINED IN THAT ARK OF GOLD?

SCHOOL, CHOIR AND TRIO.

What is contained in that ark of gold?
Treasures, whose worth can never be told.
Moses put in that ark alone
Two most holy tables of stone,
Written by the finger of God.
These are the laws he loves to give;
Faithfully keeping these, we live,
They are Israel's staff and rod.
Often at early morning,
Oft at the setting sun,
When spring the world is adorning,
Or autumn's course is run—
The parents to children of Israel have spoken,
And bound on each forehead a frontlet as token.

WHAT ARE THESE SIGNS?

ALTO SOLO, SCHOOL AND CHORUS.

What are these signs on hand and brow?
Know you their meaning? tell me now:—
Out from bondage, cruel and cold,
'Mid Egypt's arid sand,
God called our fathers in days of old,
To seek the promised land.
And when, despite the miracles wrought,
The King would not let the people go,
The Lord with mighty hand deliv'rance bro't,
And laid th' oppressor low.
Children, tell me again, I pray,
What do these holy tables say?
These holy laws from God above,
Declare his purpose, whose name is love;
Who created the worlds of light.
These we should learn in the peace of home,
And hear, whenever abroad we roam
That so we may serve him day and night,
May love him with heart, and soul, and might.

Join we our fathers in joyous acclaim,
Sing to the Holy One, praise to his name!
From everlasting Almighty to save,
Captives he found us, but liberty gave.

THE GLORIOUS WORK IS FINISHED

TENOR AND CHORUS.

The glorious work is finished,
Praise the Lord!
And naught has been dimished,
Praise the Lord!
The dedicated things of old,
The silver, instruments and gold
Are 'mid the treasures all untold,
In this the house of God.

Praise him, O Jerusalem,
Praise thy God, O Zion,
Praise him, O Jerusalem,
Praise the Lord!
Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord.

Then raise a song of glory,
Praise the Lord!
The work will live in story,
Praise the Lord!
The treasures of a nation line
The walls of this our holy shrine
According to command divine.
Behold the house of God!

O LET THINE EYES BE OPEN.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

O let thine eyes be open,
Hear thou the earnest prayer
Of all who humbly seek thee
In this thy temple fair.

Now let thine ark of strength
Arise into thy rest,
Rise thou, O Lord, all glorious,
All blessing and all blessed!

Arise! O Lord, arise!
Thou and the ark of thy strengh;
Let thy priests be clothed with salvation,
And let thy saints rejoice in goodness;
Arise! O Lord! into thy resting place.

YE TRUMPETERS AND SINGERS.

BASS, SOLO AND CHOIR, SCHOOL AND CHORUS.

Ye trumpeters and singers,
Praise now and thank the Lord!
With instruments of music,
And songs in glad accord.

The Lord our God is good,
His loving kindness sure.
From age to age his truth hath stood,
And ever shall endure.

For his mercy endureth forever. Amen.

The trumpets loud are pealing,
And children's voices ring,
But o'er each heart is stealing
A peace like that of spring.
As gently falls the welcome rain,
On parched and thirsty ground,
The cloud divine descends again,
And hushed is every sound.

Worship the Lord in thy beauty of holiness,
Fear before him all the earth. Amen.

SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

SOLOS AND CHORUS.

Holy, everlasting Lord,
Throned 'mid clouds and darkness, thou who art the light.
By thy faithful people be thy name adored,
Giver of all mercies, God of truth and might.

Thee we humbly worship, God of ancient days,
Promises of kindness here fulfill in deed;
Fount of ev'ry blessing, now receive our praise,
Help thy servants, praying, in their utmost need.

If the truth be slighted, and thus the neighbor wronged,
If a man should covet, what ne'er to him belonged,
Holy One, and gracious, by whose life we live,
Justify the righteous; hearken and forgive!

If thy people Israel should forsake thy name,
And before their enemies flee in bitter shame,
When they do confess thee, by whose life they live,
Bring them home in safety, hearken and forgive!

If they soon forget thee, turning back again,
Limiting thy mercy, shutting out the rain,
When thou dost afflict them, if they turn and live,
Answer them in pity, hearken and forgive.

If by death or blasting, sore or sickness tried,
Enemies around them, grief on every side;
When they suplicate thee, life of all who live,
Render them justice, hearken and forgive.

If a stranger seek thee from a distant land,
Would approach thy temple, bow beneath thy hand:—
Hear the stranger, also, from thy dwelling place,
Grant thou his petition, turn to him thy face.

If thy people, marching, go where thou shalt send,
And their prayers in battle to this city tend.
Craving thy protection 'mid the hosts of slain,
Hear their supplication, and their cause maintain.

If they sin against thee—what man sinneth not?
And are taken captive, while thine anger's hot:—
When they turn and love thee with their heart and soul,
O forgive in mercy! make thy people whole!

DOWN FROM THE RADIANT SUN.

DOUBLE QUARTET.

Down from the radiant sun of heaven
Swift leaps the holy fire,
And touches with a kindling flame
Each true and just desire;
Lift up your heads again, ye gates,
Ye everlasting doors!
Behold the king of glory waits,
And peace for aye restores.

GIVE THANKS, FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

SCHOOL, SEMI-CHORUS, AND FULL CHORUS.

Give thanks, O give thanks
And bless ye his name;
The God of salvation,
Forever the same!
For gladness in working,
And comfort in rest,
When sorrow's a stranger,
But hope is a guest.

He is the King of glory,
With gladness sing his praise;
For he is good, the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways;
His truth is everlasting,
His watchful care is sure,
His mercy has forever been,
And ever shall endure.

For joy among loved ones
And brightness of home,
Kind angels to guard us
Wherever we roam!
For quite of evening,
And slumbers of night,
For peace at the day-dawn,
And splendors of light.

For blessings of heav'n,
Abounding with joy,
Fair hopes of a future
Which nought can alloy!
We joyfully render
All merit and praise
To God, our defender,
The Ancient of Days.